

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musick.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin so affrighted

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Closset,

Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,

No hat vpon his head his stockins fouled,

Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke so pittious in purport

As if he had bene loosed out of hell

To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,

But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,

And with his other hand thus ore his brow,

He fals to such perusall of my face

As a would draw it; long staid he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thrice his head thus wauiug vp and downe,

He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,

As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,

And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

For out of doores he went without their helpe,

And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol.

Prince of Denmark

Pol. Come, goe with me,

This is the very extasie of loue

Whose violent propertie forgoes

And leads the will to desperate

As oft as any passions vnder he

That does afflict our natures :

What, haue you giuen him any

Ophe. No my good Lord,

I did repell his Letters : and de

His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him

I am sorrie, that with better he

I had not coted him, I fear'd he

And meant to wracke thee, bu

By heauen it is as proper to ou

To cast beyond our selues in o

As it is common for the young

To lacke discretion; come, go

This must be knowne, which

More grieve to hide, then hate

Come.

Florsb. Enter King a

Guyla

King. Welcome deere *Rose*

Moreouer, that we much did l

The need we haue to vse you d

Our hastie sending, something

Of *Hamlets* transformation so

Sith nor th' exterior, nor the i

Resembles that it was, what i

More then his fathers death, t

So much from the vnderstandi

I cannot dreame of : I intreat

That being of so young daye

And sith so neighboured to hi

That you vouchsafe your rest

Some little time, so by your c

To draw him on to pleasures,